

#3 A Groovy Kinda Love



SOME MATERIAL MAY BE X-TRA HYPE AND INAPPROPRIATE FOR
SQUAHES AND SUCKERS.

2-26076

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Thanks

Josh and his maw for bustin' da flap,
Jon's ma & pa for everything, John
Morrow and his family for giving
us start we needed! Otis,
Dischord Records, traveling
man's soup gang, the two
lost Morris kids (wherever
the hell they are), Mike
(for all your help with the shows
and otherwise), Var
Tufa—and all you
other suckas.
We forgot
about!!



DANA

JON

A Groovy Kinda Luv wants your...
Stories, Art, Poems, Photos, Etc...

Send em ta- Dana Smith

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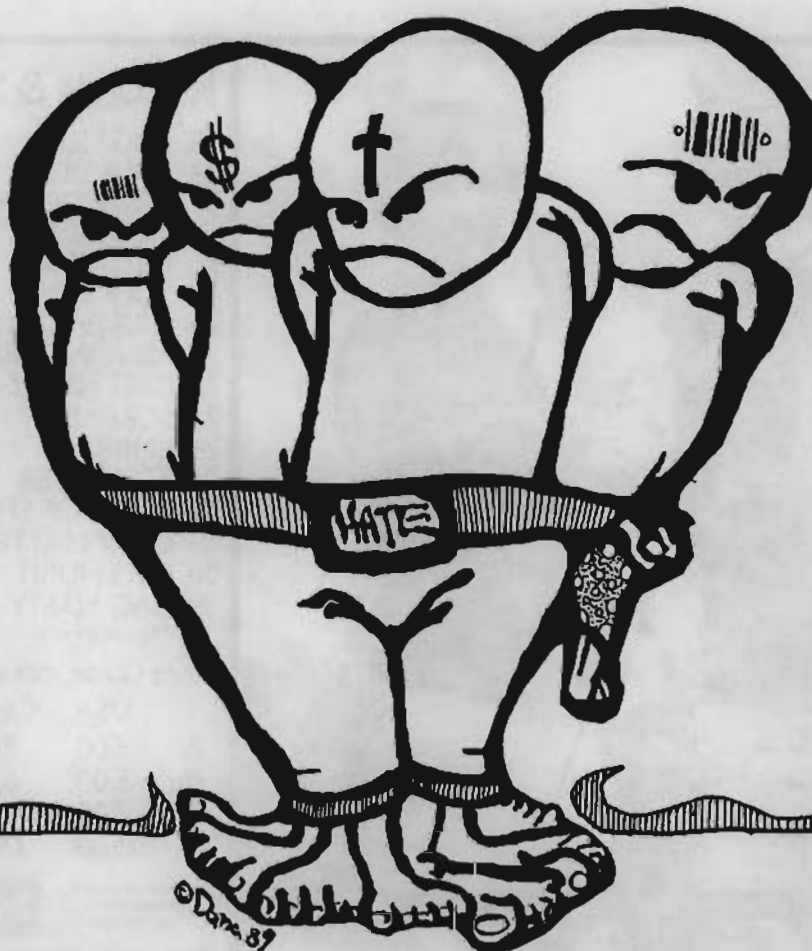
BAR CODES

So, your conversion to Catholicism
has been confirmed by a mimeographed letter
from the pope.
And now you can buy the constitution
in a very special plastic package.
I guess you can interpret the second amendment
to justify that AK-47
you just shoved down Uncle Sam's throat.
Emotions come bottled now,
And did ya hear?
Jesus got another face-lift
and he fucks around with
Jessica Hahn.
By the year 2000, my name's gonna be



Oh, you can now buy a personal paper shredder
For those times of
(Excuse the pun) 'trial';
And I just sold my soul to a velvet Elvis.
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.

- Tanya Anderson



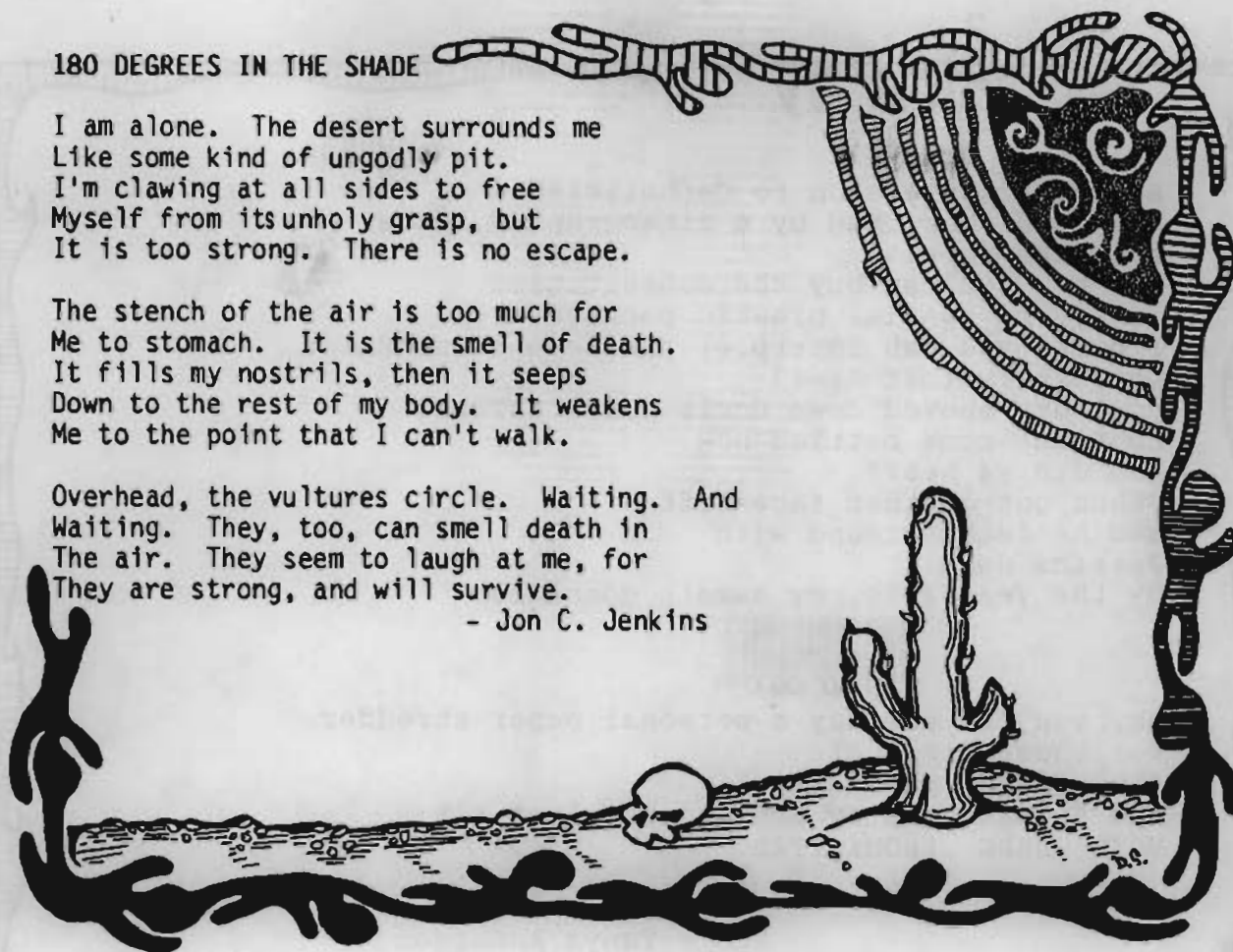
180 DEGREES IN THE SHADE

I am alone. The desert surrounds me
Like some kind of ungodly pit.
I'm clawing at all sides to free
Myself from its unholy grasp, but
It is too strong. There is no escape.

The stench of the air is too much for
Me to stomach. It is the smell of death.
It fills my nostrils, then it seeps
Down to the rest of my body. It weakens
Me to the point that I can't walk.

Overhead, the vultures circle. Waiting. And
Waiting. They, too, can smell death in
The air. They seem to laugh at me, for
They are strong, and will survive.

- Jon C. Jenkins



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AN INTERVIEW WITH FUGAZI

The following interview was taken, or rather given, between the hours of 11:00 pm and 1:00 am, on the evening of May 9th. It has been faithfully transcribed, word for word, by yours truly here at A.G.K.L., along with the much appreciated help of Ms. Ashleigh D'aunoy. Also, many thanks to Mike, J.T., and John for help with questions. We are sorry to say, however, that Guy Picciotto, vocalist, was unable to participate in the interview due to slight illness and showering.

FUGAZI: Ian - vocals, guitar
Joe - bass
Brendan - drums

A.G.K.L.: Where are each of you from?

Ian: Washington, D.C.
Brendan: Yeah
Joe: I come from a suburb outside of D.C., like in Maryland
Ian: Brendan was born in Teaneck, N.J.
Brendan: Thanks
Ian: Sorry...Now I live in Arlington, Joe and I live in a house together in Arlington - Dischord House.
Brendan: Me and Guy live in a house up on Mt. Pleasant...the Pleasant Mountain.

A.G.K.L.: How's the tour going?

Ian: Great...but, we had serious van problems. Our suspension popped through the floor the night of the first show, which really sucked. So, then we had to like borrow a van for our second show. Then the morning of our third show we had to take our van and have it totally repaired and re-welded. So, we had to leave for North Carolina at like 6 o'clock at night...then our van started overheating. We got to North Carolina like on a prayer, then the next morning we had to go have our thermostat replaced. But we made every show and played every one. It seemed for a second we were going to lose the whole tour. (Note: the van later had to be abandoned in San Francisco.)

A.G.K.L.: Where will you guys be going next?

Ian: Tomorrow we're going to Austin, then we're playing Fort Worth on Thursday, Houston on Friday, Austin on Saturday, then we're going to Arizona, California, Washington state, Montana, Utah, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Minnesota, Ohio...we've got a bunch more shows to go. We're playing up to the 17th of June.

A.G.K.L.: How do you feel about the straightedge movement and how it's changed?

Ian: I don't really acknowledge the straightedge scene, so it's kinda hard to say. As far as you ask me, I'll tell you

straightedge is just a song and that's it. I'm not into like the whole movement concept, because that creates alot of competitions and armies and gangs and people who use things to hold themselves above other people or somebody, so... But, uh, the kids who I met who say they're into the straightedge scene, whatever that is, some of them were real nice and some of them were real jerks, and that's pretty much the rule of the whole world, no matter what you're talking about. So I don't have any great resentment for it, but anyone who beats up anybody else for any reason however, I'm not too fond of. So, if the use straightedge is a reason to hurt somebody.... I think it's good to take care of yourself and your body.

A.G.K.L.: Is there a good club scene in D.C.?

Ian: No, not really. There's a place called 9:30 Club that does all ages shows, which is pretty cool, and there's a place called D.C. Space which is sort of like a restaurant/art gallery that also has shows....it's really small...

Joe: Like, they rent out the basement of a church that you can rent if it's for a benefit....

Brendan: And, way back when, we used to play parties...My first show was on a balcony of some girl's apartment when I was like 13. But the cops came and shut it down....there was always like people's basements, or whatever...

A.G.K.L.: About the compilation "State of the Union", are all of those bands signed with Dischord?

Ian: There are no bands really signed with Dischord, we don't sign bands. They're just friends--some of the bands are. The only bands we're doing records with right now are; Fidelity Jones, Maybe, Fire Party, Definitely, Ignition, will do another record, Soul Side, us(Fugazi), maybe the Holy Rollers, and that's it. Technically, no one is signed with Dischord at all. Bands are free to come and go as they please.

Brendan: They don't sign any contracts or anything like that.

Ian: I like giving them royalties, but I sure as fuck didn't want to get involved with any lawyers.

A.G.K.L.: Presently, what are some of your favorite bands?

Fugazi: All the bands in Washington - Fidelity Jones, Fire Party, Holy Rollers, Soul Side, Ignition....

A.G.K.L.: Do you have your own printing factory where you produce the albums?

Ian: Actually, they're done in France and it's much cheaper. They're made there, we ship them here and it works out. We're still able to sell the records for cheaper than the other labels. That's because, that's our form of promotion, we don't send out a lot of free copies of records. In turn, we can sell the records for a lot cheaper. And that's how we decided to promote records; is

to sell them cheap.

A.G.K.L.: Have any of the old Dischord records gone out of print?

Joe: Everything is still in print.

Ian: The only thing that's not really in print is the Snake album, which I don't think anybody could care less about.

A.G.K.L.: Will Dischord be releasing CD's in the near future?

Ian: Oh yeah...I'm sure we will...I know the Fugazi stuff...this one and the new one coming out in June will be on one CD., all the Minor Threat stuff is all gonna be put on one CD...It's just a matter of trying to figure out what to put on them to make them sort of worth while.

A.G.K.L.: Is it kind of expensive to produce the CD's?

Ian: No, its getting much cheaper these days...because in the beginning the major labels were the only people who actually had the technology and they made such a big stink about it that it became huge and everyone's buying it. So all these plants opened up. There's so many plants opened up that it created a huge global market for CD manufacturing plants. So now it's like really cheap to make CD's.

A.G.K.L.: To get albums, you just write to Dischord?

Ian: Yeah, Joe does mail order for Dischord. He'll tell you all about it. Joe tell them all about it.

Joe: I do mail order for Dischord. If you write me a letter, or Dischord a letter, and say I want this record, why, I'll send it to you. You have to send cash.

A.G.K.L.: Do you get a lot of letters?

Ian: Yes.

A.G.K.L.: Does Dischord put out any promotional posters, or anything like that?

Ian: None really, zero, no stickers, T-shirts,.....

A.G.K.L.: So all the stickers that are out...

Ian: Bootlegged. All that Minor Threat stuff is fucking bootlegged.



Vocals: Guy Picciotto

Drums: Brendan Canty



Photo: John Morton

fugazi



Guitar & Vocals: Ian MacKaye

Bass: Joe Lally



Concert Reviews

by John O. Morrow

"The California Connection"

.....
Red Hot Chili Peppers, Butthole Surfers, and Mary's Danish at the
Hollywood Palladium; Friday, September 22, 1989

Well, we got there (as usual) just in time to hear the last minute or so of the last song that Mary's Danish played. But what little I did hear was incredible. They play loud and hard and I was not pleased that we had missed the first part of their set. There were still two other bands that I was really looking forward to so all was not lost. The Buttholes came out and soon began hammering away at their guitars, almost to the point of monotony. As I was being pushed into everyone around me and hit in the face by tall sweaty guys with cigarettes I became somewhat disappointed due to the lack of any form of vocalization on the Buttholes' part. Maybe I just had a different concept of what the show would be like. I did quite enjoy the Buttholes even though it was not exactly what I was expecting. After the Charlie's Angels episodes and yelling had stopped I tried to weasel my way up to the front of the stage for the Chili Peppers. Not a very good idea for one of my size. During the first song I was pushed fully into the people in front of me and then thrown about 8 feet backwards nearly ending up on the floor where my head would have been crushed by some "punk rocker"'s boot. At this time I decided to go somewhere else so that I might actually be able to stand without fear of cigarette burns and/or drunken "tuff guys". The Chili Peppers played mostly new songs, occasionally throwing some of their older stuff. I really enjoyed the Hendrix songs that they played. Besides the huge crowd, I thought this show was well worth seeing. Too bad you weren't there.

The Swans at the Palace; Wednesday, October 4, 1989

This happened to be a free show, quite unusual I thought. As luck would have it our trusty female friend from Hawthorne saved us places in line so we got in good stage position. I don't remember what the local band who opened was called but they were pretty decent, nothing too memorable though. Some very foolish or very drugged 30 to 40 year-olds found it necessary to strike up a painfully loud conversation with Marge from

Hawthorne and then they disappeared for a while but they eventually returned and screamed at the band until someone threatened them. The Swans were never one of my most favorite bands but with the release of the burning world I started to really "dig" these guys. The female vocalist, Jarboe, is one scary individual. She looked as though she had been awake for a few weeks straight and she also seemed extremely pale. Her voice matches her appearance, it is haunting and mysterious. M. Gira, the male vocalist, has a very deep voice but it seemed to be not quite as deep as it is on their albums. Playing songs almost exclusively from their new album, the Swans put on a highly energetic show that lasted for a good 2 hours. I really enjoyed the way that they extended their songs with longer intros and whatnot. Go see them if ever you get the chance, they rule.

Chris and Cosey and Green Jello at Speak No Evil; Saturday, October 14, 1989

I did not know what to expect from either of these bands and as it turns out I didn't really like either of them that much. I only knew that Chris and Cosey were former members of Throbbing Gristle (of course I had never heard Throbbing Gristle so that didn't help too much). Green Jello is apparently a local band and they play sort of ridiculous variations of "punk rock" songs and dance around in goofy outfits. Not considered, by me, to be a real band they played far too long and had far too many people on stage (at least 15 by the time they were done). That finally ended and then we had to wait for what seemed to be an extremely long time before Chris and Cosey were ready to begin. They appeared and I was very surprised to see only two people on the stage. I really liked the films and slides that were being shown behind them and the music, while not being horrible was not that impressive either. It seemed to me that this band was not conceived to play live shows because they just stood there playing their expensive equipment that I probably could've put to a better use. Not exactly worth 11 dollars but not totally intolerable.

7 Seconds, The Flaming Lips, Death Ride 69, and Reason To Believe at The Whiskey A Go Go; Wednesday, October 18, 1989

The Whiskey is a really cool club. Its pretty small but it has a balcony so if you don't want to be in on all the "punk rock" crap then you can just hang out and actually see the show (or you can be "punk rock", its up to you). Anyway, the first band was Reason To Believe, from San Francisco (I think). I thought these guys were great. They're not really a "hardcore" band, they actually have some talent. Watch for these guys, I think you'll like them. Death Ride 69 was next and I had heard of them but I didn't exactly know what was going to happen. They played some pretty cool stuff and I especially liked it when the girl sang. Not too bad, in my opinion. The Flaming Lips started out sorta okay but they quickly became redundant to the point of annoying the hell out of almost everyone there. The strobe light that was on throughout their set also added to the aggravation. Finally it was time for 7 Seconds. They seemed to be really nice guys, maybe a little on the goofy side but really nice. I, personally, like the new album (Soulforce Revolution) a lot, as well as their older stuff, and they played mostly songs off the new album. They did throw in a few of the older songs; such as Walk Together, Rock Together, Calendar, Young 'Till I Die, and Opinion Of Feelings. No doubt about it, these guys rule. A show you must see. They should be going to New Orleans and a few other dates in the south for all of you still stuck in the swampland. Good luck and enjoy.

The Pixies, Bob Mould, and John Doe at The Hollywood Palladium; Friday, October 27, 1989

Again we arrived at the Palladium as the first opening act was finishing. I didn't really hear John Doe at all so I guess I can't say anything about him, except that he used to be in X (in case you didn't know). I was amazed at how many people had showed up for this show but I guess that's just L.A. I again tried to get up to the front but it was hell. Bob Mould was really really good and I didn't really expect that since I'm not exactly a Hüsker Dü fan (but I guess this isn't quite Hüsker Dü, is it ?). I would've had more fun if it weren't for some guy behind me pushing his penis into my back and jumping up and down for 15 minutes. I decided to leave the front and eventually I ended up watching The Pixies from the side of the stage. The Pixies are a terrific live band, they play straight and don't mess around at all. What else can you say ? They are a great band. Go see them, a lot.



"LIKE RATS IN A CAGE"
(a true ~~XXXX~~ Confession)



It was 1:00am; I had gone to bed early; They woke me with their screams. "Shit I have to go to work this morning! I don't have time for these domestic squabbles!" Well they got real heavy so I got up and went to their room. They were seriously fighting "tooth and nail" and had to be separated forcefully. I put Him in the next room and locked Him in, then went to bed. Woke up again at 6:30am, barely remembering a gleaning of the nights activities. I showered and shaved, then went upstairs to dress. On my way up I stopped to check on Him, but found that He had gotten out during the night. I went to Her room and found Him dead! Yes it was truly a grisly scene, Him lying there with His throat ripped open, blood all over and Deaths cold stare on His face. Well, I removed His body, disposing of it in the back field. I went upstairs to clean up the mess and reprimand Her. I finished up, then went to work.

When I got home the kids were wondering what had happened to Him. I told them that He had left in the night never to return again. They accepted this explanation without too much trouble and I felt relieved. I told Heb about the previous night and what I had done earlier to dispose of Him(I knew I could trust her). I had no trouble with any authorities since the authorities had not even an inkling of His where abouts, neither did they care a smidgeon. She could not understand reason but could only follow blindly Her emotions and/or instincts. I had forgotten the incident as time passed as time often does! I woke up one morning, bathed, dressed and went to work. When I arrived home that evening the kids greeted me joyously with the news that She had given birth to sextuplets. It was then that I remembered that NIGHT-(it seemed not so long ago). I couldn't help but wonder if it was her pregnancy that had provoked the violence and its aftermath. Again I stopped in on Her to look upon Her offspring. Yes, there were six of Them identical to each and the other except One. He seemed deformed and smaller than the rest. It seemed He had been born with a strawberry birthmark on one of His feet. As They grew I noticed the Others took advantage of His weakness. Like Their mother, They couldn't understand reason, They were blind to compassion. Time passed and He became sickly, due to abuse from His siblings and lack of attention from His mother. I came home from work one afternoon and on my way up the stairs I stopped in on Her. Again I found a grisly scene! He had died during the day, His siblings were picking His corpse, gnawing and scratching His flesh relentlessly. Again I was forced to take physical measures to retrieve a body and dispose of it in the same manner as previously explained. I gave the kids the same excuse as I had told them about His fathers leaving. Heb and I were needless to say concerned about all this BEHAVIOR and had reached our breaking point. We decided we had made our mistake taking them in to begin with. We found someone to take them in and breathed a sign of relief, swearing we would never have Their kind as Guest again!!!!

I'm dreaming. Jesus, this is fuckin' wierd. I know she'll be here any minute. Wait, what is this place? "I've really gone over the edge this time," I think to myself. I'm stumbling around a large white house. I mean white. White walls, white floors, white doors, the works. Anyway, she called and said she was coming, the girl of my dreams. I'm waiting. Wait!! Oh Jesus, what the hell is this? Now I'm trapped in a small white closet. Ah, that's better. Now I'm standing over the stairs. She's walking towards me. We kiss. Wait a second, she's drunk. Oh shit, what is that? A bottle of rum!! Christ!! This is a fucking nightmare. Who are these people? "This is Bob, we picked him up hitch-hiking," she says to me. "Oh, that's cool. Nice to meet you Bob," I say as we shake hands. I turn around to meet this other overly friendly couple and by the time I turn around Bob and the girl of my dreams are half naked and rolling around on the floor. Jesus, I think, now I'm really starting to get disoriented, even for a dream. Now she's straddling my chest and mumbling about somebody fixing her a drink. Jesus, what's my mom doing in the middle of all this? With a plate of eggs and toast! Really fuckin' wierd!

"Time to get up honey, and here's your breakfast."

Oh, back to the real world. I pop out of bed and head off to school. I pull up at school and think, "Now it's time for a heavy dose of reality." I walk through the front gates and look around.

I liked my dream better.

Am C. J. J.



LIVING PEACE: Personal Ecology

As we all know, air, land, and water around the world are being dirtied. How close are we to breaking a link in the chain of life? Areas around New Orleans, Times Beach, Love Canal, heavy agricultural regions of California, and other communities have served as painful warning signs of rampant poisoning. Most media refuse to acknowledge the extent to which we are under attack. Much of the inattention is due to the fact that poor, working-class, and minority communities are involved.

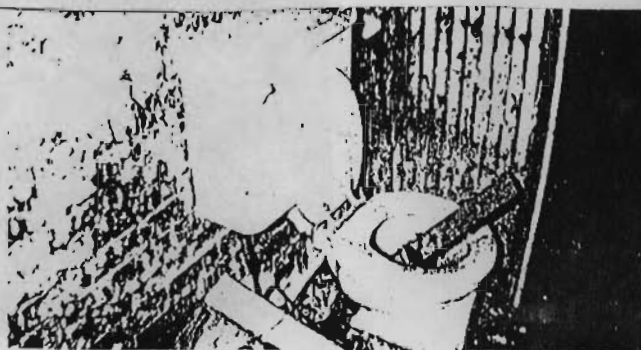
Waste is a sign of wealth and progress. The U.S. leads the world in consumption and waste. Without being consulted, corporate America has force-fed us a staggering amount of useless and/or disposable products and food bereft of nutrition, all obscenely over-packaged.

Often social justice work fails to address the role we play as consumers. Of course, the system has developed a neat trap which is difficult to escape. Landlords, fuel, agri-business, food and other suppliers dominate the economic landscape at the expense of alternatives which are hard to grasp, if they exist at all. Let's consider the options we have. Without getting cynical about the despoliation we inevitably participate in, we must challenge each other toward a personal ecology which seeks to drive out waste and abuse.

Disposables: Carry your own mug to avoid throw-away cups. Replace tissues, paper towels, and napkins with handkerchiefs and cloth towels. Recycle bags, cardboard, all kinds of paper, compost, glass, tin, aluminum, twist ties, etc. Reject plastic bags; take your own to the grocery. Pick up recyclable at parties and protests. Use simple soaps rather than industrial solvents. Turn the water off when you are brushing your teeth, and take shorter, cooler showers. Buy second-hand clothes, albums, etc. Reject excessive packaging. Buy from small companies or co-ops. Observe boycotts forever. How could we ever by a Nestle bar again, given their murderous formula drive? Tell people why you appear to be so selective.

I don't think these things alone account for a person's social responsibility or political work. Rather, it is a lifestyle; it should be second nature. We may see ourselves (without arrogance) as examples for simplicity. By taking better care of ourselves and the land, we offer up models for ecologically conscious community. We can more confidently call for an end to glutinous nuclear power schemes and dirty industrial processes. We will say "we don't use it, we don't want it. We want clean work which makes safe products that last." Our mental, emotional, physical and community health will be strengthened, and this strength will better enable us to carry on.

Article by Stuart Morris. Originally printed in "The Peace Letter", a production of the Washington Peace Center.



UNTITLED

I can't figure out what role I'm playing. There are simply too many parts to choose from. It's all rather confusing, and I have this strange feeling that outsiders are trying to be my director. That's all fine, but get my role right. I refuse to be your puppet unless you let me explain what I will not be, so here goes.

I cannot play the first role. The actors are known as gossips, but the term 'weasel' seems to fit them much better. However, there are two types of gossips, so I guess these are subsets. Anyhow, the first of this species is given certain information, i.e., they are told only what society feeds them. This subset is harmless, but extremely boring.

Subset B is the type to distort overheard info, or they will simply make up something freehand.

Example: "Did you see what Person wore yesterday?" You grimace at the prospect of another conversation with this idiot. Prospective conversationalist sees this as a sign of your willingness to continue with negative babble about Person.

"Of course, she's always been such a slut." Now you smile weakly, possibly nod. Person, however, is your best friend, and you now feel like Judas. Needless to say, I hate the gossips, both subsets.

Another unbearable creature relates solely with hair styles, malls, dating, or any other trivial subject guaranteed to free the insomniac. I am completely fascinated by this species. It does not care for your attention; rather, it simply likes hearing its own voice. I watch only their mouths, amazed. I regret that I am not a scientist. Indeed, I would certainly harness the power of that muscle, as it never appears to wear out and it runs on a suffering audience.

Then, there is the type that does not necessarily seek others, yet he is too comfortable with himself and cannot understand how it feels to be shy or humble. This one must call attention to the meek, underfed members of the population. They must speak very loudly to the shyest Person they can find. They will harass their victim with all sorts of questions and then, very loudly, try to engage other monkeys into the conversation. The jackal's prey is, by now, sweating profoundly and desperately trying to escape.

Another role is that of the worthy cause follower. This disciple can be overlapped with a few of the others, yet there is a small distinction; this group occasionally makes sense. They pick some 'worthy' cause (Greenpeace, skinhead shit, etc.,) and then try to show how simply generous they are by telling everyone of their philanthropic ways. They often have some annoying attention getter ("I'm not washing my hair until Nelson Mandela is freed", or "I'm wearing black this month because it marks the anniversary of Sid Vicious' death") that they are more than willing to discuss. I listen, and after a few minutes, I am more than willing to throw up.

The worst type, however, is the kind you always get stuck by in some critical moment, like Calculus V, or Physics XII, or any other unbelievable time. These creatures are the ones that brag, hoping that you'll make a reputation for them.

Example: "Bra, I got so drunk dis weekend."

"Do tell." Forced interest, mental constipation.

"Yeah- uhh." Let me say here that you must pay careful attention to the pauses, they signify a great lack of credibility that makes it even harder to feign amusement over this Cro-Magnon's simple jargon.

"Yeah, uhh- I got so messt up. I drank a case by myself and huhh, a fifth of Jack Daniels, and uhh....."

By now, gentle reader, I have ceased to listen. I am astonished that this prehistoric man knows what a fifth is. Strong vocabulary from a civilization borne on grunts and squeals.

Pardon me, kind reader, if your are thoroughly confuse by now. I am not a pessimist, nor do I consider myself to be a god. I am contemplating my role; I cannot understand which of these illustrious fates to aim for. Sorry, I cannot be like these people, I need something stronger. Need I follow Raskolnikov's teachings in Dostoyevsky's epic novel? Must I kill an ordinary to become extraordinary? (This is merely speculation, I care not for the glory involved.) Let me finish with this: Upon reading this, if you see yourself described here, please, when I am famous and have forgotten you, when you are in your trailer park, eating a banana, sitting on your couch, DO NOT hug your forty illegitimate brats, kiss your current lover and tell him/her that you went to school with me, I was your best friend, we talked all of the time, bullshit, bullshit. No, say that you tried to ignore me, hated me, pretended to like me. Only then will you have established my role, and I will be most grateful.



- Tanya Anderson

ITA.

"Whose child are you?" she asked for the third time. And because I knew the next question I answered quickly, before asked.

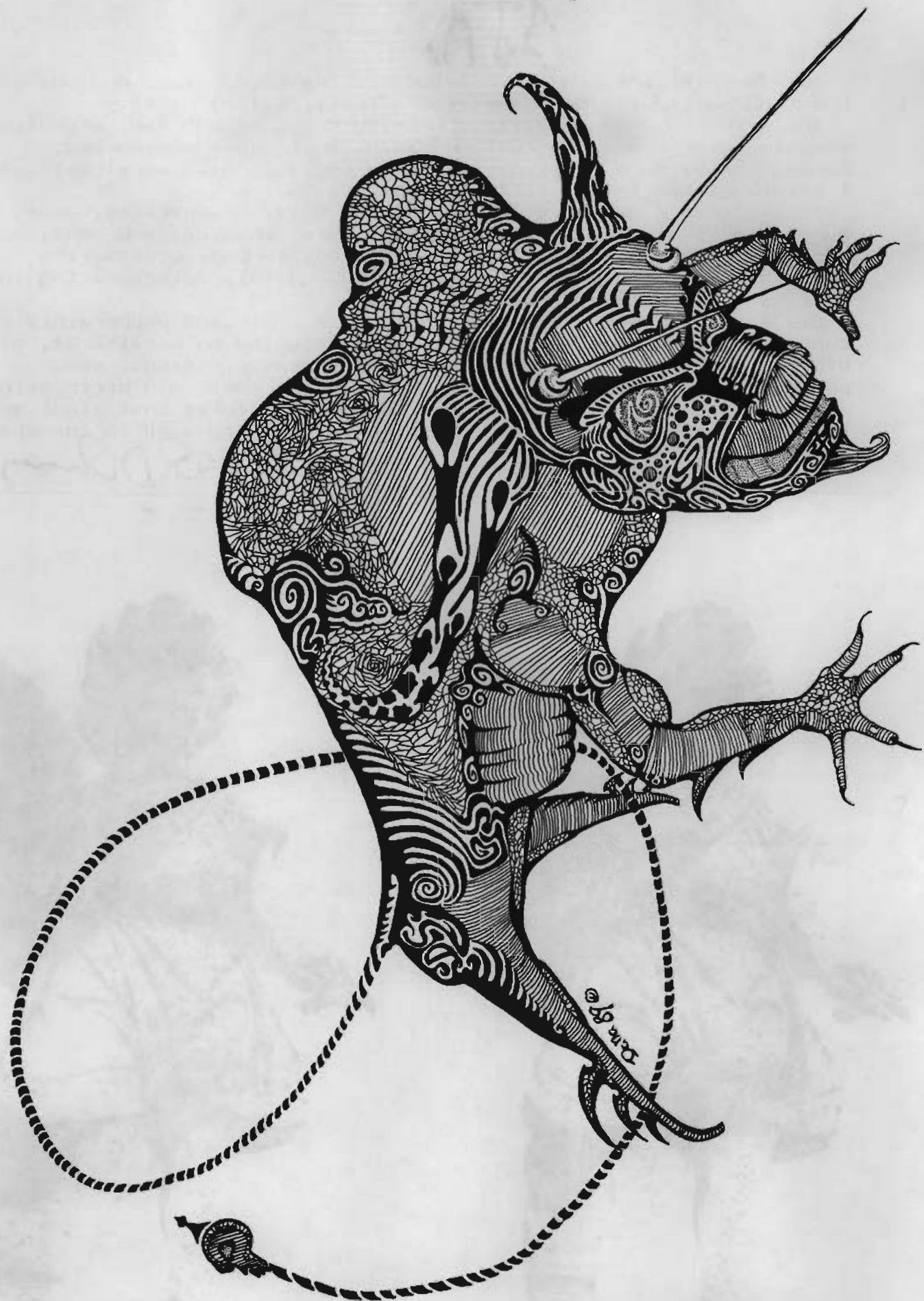
The trips to Oakwood Village Nursing Home, though few, are always executed with a small amount of dread, much apprehension and, consequently, much guilt. It's become too much of a moral obligation, I think, rather than a willfull action.

"I just don't know why I'm here," she says, exasperated, confused, hurt. She is a wrinkled and swollen figure, physical and emotional pain etched in her eyes, her face. Her entire body screams its presence. She sits hunched in her chair, quickly deteriorating in an ever-darkening cloud of senility.

Old memories: of toys behind the corner chair and peppermints in the candy jar, of hot dogs, chili, and potato chips on Mardi Gras, of a dining room table littered with letters, news clippings, and photographs of those now forgotten, and of a rusty old porch swing, screeching the tales of what once was. Old memories that float gently through my mind and play a cruel game of hide-and-seek in the shadows of hers.

Orleigh G. D'Amore







THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS "THE ABBEY ROAD E.P." (EMI/MANHATTAN RECORDS)

Some of you out there may have seen this album (tape or CD) on your local record store's shelves, looked it over, and then put it back because it looks like a greatest hits record. That was your mistake. This is well worth the price just to hear the R.H.C.P.'s rage through a truly powerful cover of Jimi Hendrix's classic "Fire". Then, of course, the old favorites, "Catholic School Girls Rule" and "True Men Don't Kill Coyotes". But for those of you who enjoy the really funky side of the R.H.C.P.'s, there are two other classics you will thoroughly enjoy. The funk standard "Backwoods" is included and also, a soulful, funkadelic version of "Hollywood (Africa)". Overall, definitely a worthwhile purchase for all you fans out there. However, I suggest a compact disc, because you will want to listen to it over, and over, and (jon jenkins)

STRANGE BOUTIQUE (BEDAZZLED RECORDS)

The group's first record includes four songs. A female voice, Monica Richards, makes it interesting. The music is good - different, with drums by Danny Ingram (Youth Brigade) and guitar by Frederick E. Smith, Jr. (Beefeater). - rob dobbs

NEW MODEL ARMY "THUNDER AND CONSOLATION" (EMI RECORDS)

One of my all-time favorite albums. There is a lot of variety on this album. Includes two or three ballads, a few fast songs and, on the disc, I got five bonus tracks including "The Charge" and "White Coats". The music is great - these guys know what they are doing. Lyrics are equally great with a large focus on family life and the corporate world of the '80's - rob dobbs

FRONT 242 "NEVER STOP!!" (WAX TRAX RECORDS)

When I first pumped this baby through the ole system I was tempted to bring it right back to the place of purchase. The first song "Never Stop! V 1.0" was just a little too remixed and danceable for my blood. But, yes campers, I listened on and by the time I got to "Work 242", the last song, I realized that these guys are pretty damn good! Front 242 brings you the best of both worlds, in that, not only can they do a little danceable Mitzer Kbb-type stuff, but they can also drive home some heavy drum tracks and samples from hell for you Test Dept. fans out there. So, if you've a chance, flow your local record vendor some cash and see if you dig it as much as I do. - dana smith

MARGINAL MAN "IDENTITY" (DISCHORD RECORDS)

After hearing the song "Stones of a Wall" on the D.C. benefit compilation album "State of the Union" (Dischord), I had to purchase this album. It is everything I expected and I love it the first time I listened to it. - rob dobbs

rites of spring (DISCHORD RECORDS)

This album, recorded in 1985, is pretty good - with a real "hardcore" feeling to it. Vocalist Guy Picciotto, presently with Fugazi, basically talks about dealing with personal problems we all face in coping with the world - and he does it quite well. Inspirations for this album are said to come from the band Beefeater. So, if you dig that, you might want to check this out. - rob dobbs

PIXIES "HERE COMES YOUR MAN" (12") (4AD)

"Here Comes Your Man", the first song on this twelve inch, happens to be the version on the Doolittle album and one of the songs that really "catches my fancy" from that album. Next is "Wave of Mutilation {U.K. Surf}" which is an acoustic version of another song from Doolittle. The song is much slower and much more quiet than the original and this seems to suit the song. "Into the White" is a very catchy tune in which Kim Deal (who sang "Gigantic" on the Surfer Rosa album) is finally allowed to sing again. Finally, there is a song called "Bailey's Walk" with very abrasive vocals by Black Francis and somewhat discordant rhythms, but still it is a really quality song. Another terrific, although small, offering from the Pixies. - john morrow

TRACY CHAPMAN "CROSSROADS" (ELEKTRA ENTERTAINMENT)

Well, the first album was great, sure, but what about the second one? I must say, it is equal to, if not better than, her first release. Not a song on this album is boring. Each one has its own individual feel and message. Some songs bring across a strong political message, like "Freedom Now" which is about Nelson Mandela and the struggle in South Africa. The cuts also have a deep, spiritual feel that even an atheist could relate to. This album is spiritually, musically, and soulfully well rounded, but this should be expected from any non-sellout artist like the beatific Ms. Chapman.

- dana smith

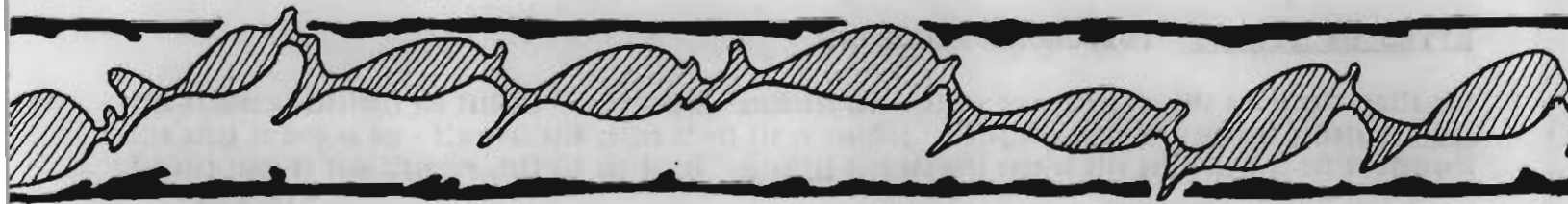
SWANS "THE BURNING WORLD" (MCA)

I was not too fond of the Swans until I got my hands on their remake of "Love Will Tear Us Apart". I decided to get their newest release because I figured I hadn't given them a chance before. As it turns out, I really like this album. Most of the songs are slow and Michael Gira, who does most of the vocals, has an extremely deep voice which might not be enjoyable to some people, but I think that it works quite well after you've gotten used to it (two listens usually does it for me). I was somewhat disappointed to discover that the female vocalist, Jarboe (who did what I think is the better of the two "Love Will Tear Us Apart" versions), sings only two songs. Those two songs, "Can't Find My Way Home" (an old Steve Winwood song) and "I Remember Who You Are", that Jarboe sings, along with "(she's a) Universal Emptiness", "Saved", and "Jane Mary, Cry One Tear" sung by Michael Gira are my personal favorites. A really incredible album, in my opinion. Check it out for yourself, you might like it.

- john morrow

THE YOUNG GODS "ORGANIK" (EUROPEAN RELEASE, BY THE WAY)

Finally, an album from these guys. Their first two twelve inchers also appear on the disc that I purchased while in Paris. I'm not sure about the U. S. release but I'm guessing that Wax Trax will take care of that. This has the same feel as their previous releases, and that's raw power. Plenty of groaning and shouting in French but, as the provided translations reveal, the English equivalent is not too catchy. I suppose the songs weren't meant to be performed in English so it doesn't matter anyhow. I highly recommend this especially if you like industrial/dance-type music. - john morrow



Lots More Record Reviews from John Morrow "The California Connection"

Diamanda Galas The Litanies Of Satan (Restless/Mute)

This album will scare you silly. I had trouble listening to the whole album because it was so frightening and discordant. The first track is Diamanda screaming incoherently while a dog is barking loudly in the background. A literal audio nightmare for those of you who do not appreciate hearing the shrieks of someone in unbearable pain. The second track is the text from Baudelaire's Les Litanies de Satan, performed in the original French. I found this to be one of the most disturbing albums I've come across and anyone who is interested in being frightened should check this out. Not for the weak of heart. -JM

HR Singin' In The Heart (SST)

In case you didn't know, this is HR (or Ras Hailu Gabriel Joseph I) from Bad Brains but this certainly doesn't sound like Bad Brains. I was hoping for a really solid reggae album but what I ended up with was a rather wimpy, unimpressive reggae album. I was somewhat disappointed because there are only 8 songs on the album and I like 3 out of the 8 (not a good percentage). Not a totally horrible album but not a very impressive one either. -JM

7 Seconds Soulforce Revolution (Restless)

I had somehow gotten the impression that 7 Seconds had broken up but that rumor was quickly and happily dispelled when I discovered this disc in a pile of used discs at a shop on Melrose. I bought it for a mere \$7.99 and hoped that 7 Seconds was still doing the sort of thing that I like to hear. What a bargain I got on this. This is a great album. Kevin Seconds' voice seems to be a little smoother than on their earlier albums and the overall feel of the album seems very sentimental. I really like the fact that 7 Seconds is a band with a social conscience and their songs always seem to lift my spirits quite a bit. I think this one is a little better than Ourselves, which I really liked. -JM

Treponem Pal (RC Records)

Last year I actually got to meet the guy who sings for this Parisian industrial band. I was in France for the summer and I went to a small record store in Paris called Terminal Records where this gentleman, Marc Neves, works and he let me listen a demo tape. I really liked it and I asked about buying it but he said it wasn't for sale but he ended up giving it to me. Enough of the story. I really like the sound of the band but they seem to be a bit monotonous sometimes. The songs are in English but its sometimes hard to tell because of Marc's heavy accent, which I find quite suitable for the music. There is a Young Gods influence that pops up every now and then although the music leans more toward the "hardcore" end of the spectrum. An interesting bit of French culture a definitely worth a listen.

-JM

The Young Gods L'Eau Rouge (Play It Again Sam Records)

Another album from the Young Gods. For a long time there were only 12" releases now we have two full albums out within a very short period of time. Unusual. This is a fine example of what the Young Gods sound is all about. A few interesting twists, such as violins and grind organs are thrown in just to keep things fresh. The familar low growling of Franz Treichler is back but this time he occasionally strays from the usual demonic tones and actually sounds like a normal person sometimes. The good old-fashioned frenzied beat and general chaotic sound are used to their fullest, especially on "Rue Des Tempêtes", "L'Eau Rouge", and "Longue Route". The "L'Amourir" 12" is included on the disc. One of the Young Gods' best efforts.

-JM



OTIS!

An interview with one of Acadiana's most original bands, by Dana Smith.

OTIS: Ricky Williams - Bass
Chris Cart - Vocals & guitar
Danny Hall - Drums

A.G.K.L.: How long have you guys been together?

Danny: As a Band?

A.G.K.L.: Yeah, as a band.

Chris: I've been together for 20 years now.

A.G.K.L.: Let me try it one more time. How long have you guys been together?

Chris: I've been together for 20 years now.

Ricky: I've been together for about 10 years, yes...about 10 years.

Danny: As a band, I'd say for about a year and a half.

A.G.K.L.: Where did the name Otis come from?

Chris: I am Otis - I am Curtis Otis Evil.

Danny: We couldn't think of a worse name.

A.G.K.L.: How did you like playing with Fugazi?

Chris: They didn't let me touch their penises, so I didn't really get to play with Fugazi. What about you, Danny?

Danny: I enjoyed it.

Ricky: It was.....fun. They were a nice bunch of guys there. They lent us a guitar when ours went out and, uh, I'm glad they helped us out.

Chris: Yeah, we didn't know if everyone went to see Fugazi or not, but we were glad to steal the audience.

A.G.K.L.: How would you guys like to improve upon your stage show?

Danny: Robotic equipment, light show, heat show, welding...

Chris: More mud, lots more mud, and....extra sauce!

Ricky: Chicken, Bar-B-Que chicken, while we're playing. Throw it at people. Lots of chicken.

Chris: Champagne and hor'dourves, like potted meats, and those orange and black candies that you get around Halloween and never eat.

A.G.K.L.: So, how's the marriage coming along there Ricky?

Ricky: It uh, feels the same, I'll tell ya - I'll tell ya again,

it feels the same.
Danny: It's FUN!
Ricky: Yeah, the fucking world is ending, so marry anyone you can and marry as soon as possible.
A.G.K.L.: So, what bands are your inspiration?
Chris: Otis.
Danny: Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids.
Ricky: Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids.
Chris: Yeah, Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids.
A.G.K.L.: Other inspirations?
Chris: Space Ghost and the old Mighty Mouse. I hate the new one!
Ricky: My favorite cartoons are Godzilla and Mothra.
Danny: The Fall Guy - Colt Seavers is my favorite
Chris: Charlie's Angels were kinda wild, kinda Charley.
Danny: I feel this interview is lacking seriosity.
A.G.K.L.: Danny, why is your drum set so unconventional?
Danny: Childhood influence by Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids.
Chris: No, really, Otis is an elevator to raise your awareness. Otis is industrial - and institutional.
A.G.K.L.: What are your songs about?
Chris: Ecology - Existence.
Ricky: Love and Hate.
Danny: Overpaid idiots.
Chris: Actually, Otis is a mood elevator and Danny's drums represent not the destruction of society but constructive society. We take junk and we make something of it. We make noise, but we also make music. We are very open-minded - we draw upon Hank Williams, Patsy Cline, Devo, Sonic Youth, Big Black, Butthole Surfers, John Lee Hooker. We are the culmination of all noise, be it white, black, pink or anything like that.
A.G.K.L.: Chris, weren't you in a hardcore band a long time ago?
Chris: I was never in a hardcore band, I was, however, in a punk rock band. Toxin III, Snuflix, Reality on Trial and then a while later Otis was born.
Danny: We speak Spanish.
A.G.K.L.: Please don't speak any Spanish.
A.G.K.L.: Do you guys skateboard anymore?
Danny: No.
Ricky: Yeah, little bit.
Danny: No you don't!
A.G.K.L.: Tell me about your skating career, Danny.
Danny: No!

Chris: Is this a skate zine?

A.G.K.L.: No, I was just asking...

Danny: So, Smith, what you're saying is we have just become filler for your skate zine.

A.G.K.L.: No, Dammit, it's not a skate zine!

THE END



Chris

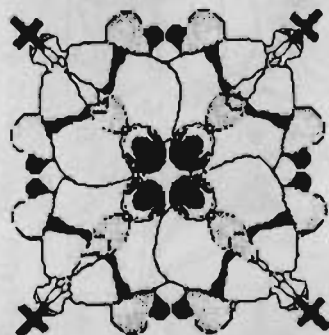


Ricky



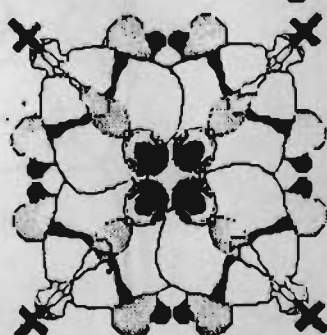
Danny

Kinda Luv



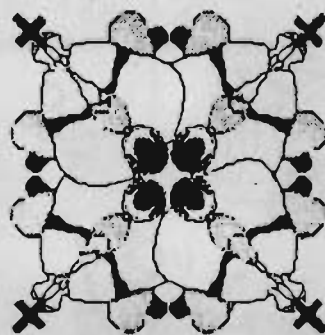
A Groovy

Kinda Luv



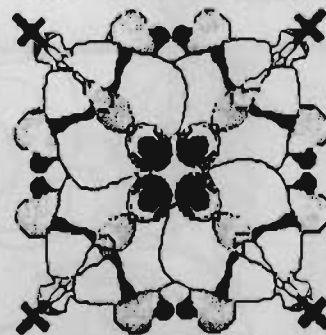
A Groovy

Kinda Luv



A Groovy

Kinda Luv

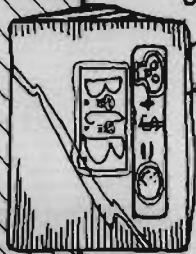


A Groovy

1 Well Boy's Girl's looks as if our Hero has obtained a source of income!

BIG CORP BERGER

- 1 DEATH BERGER
 - 2 SPUR DEATH BERGER
 - 3 HELL BERGER
 - 4 GOUT BERGER
 - 5 TOXIC BERGER
 - 6 DOUBLE DOG DEATH BERGER
 - 7 BERGER
- CARBONATED KIDNEY
BISTERS
- SMALL
 - LARGE
 - TUBSIZE
 - EXONITANKER
 - SIZE



HOW MANY I HELP YOU SIR??

Yea Boy give me a Got Damn Toxic Death BERGER with Sander SAUCE, a large order of road kill cookies and one Bucket o D.D.T. to go.

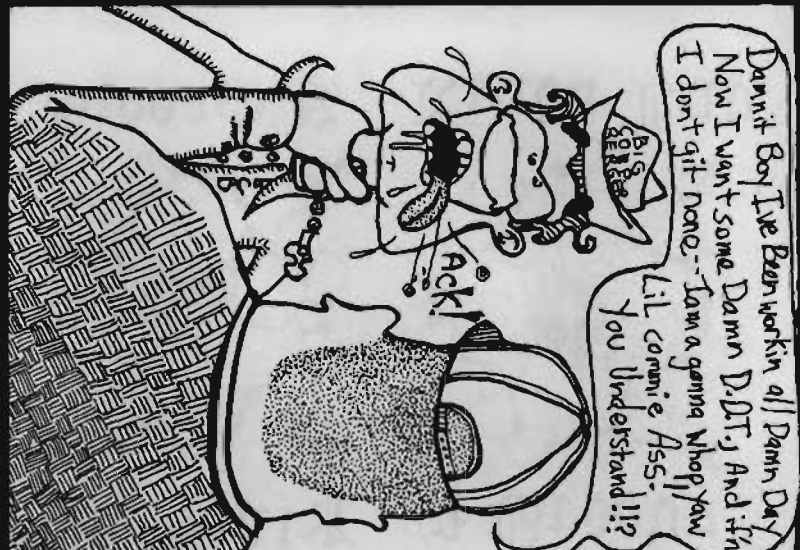
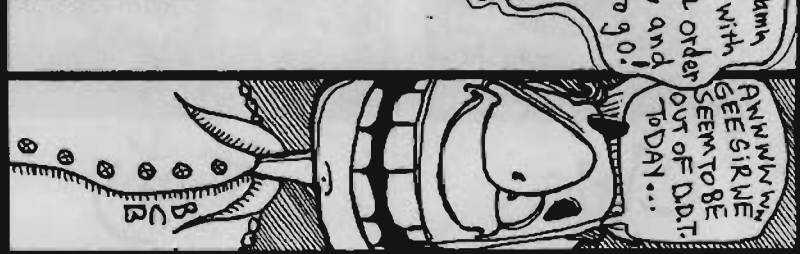
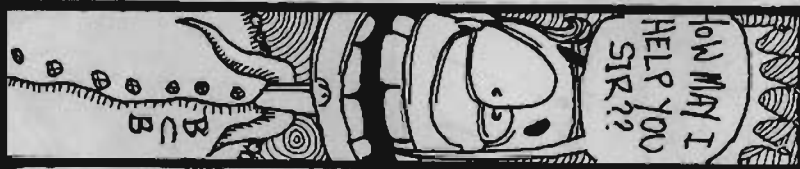
HURRY UP BOY!!! I Aint GOT ALL DAMN DAY!!!

ANNNNNWHEE GEE GIRLNE SEEM TO BE OUT OF D.D.T. TO DAY...

Damn it Boy I've Been workin all Damn Day Now I want some Damn D.D.T, And if I don't git none--I am a gonna Whop you Lil comnie Ass.

You Understand!!?

ack!



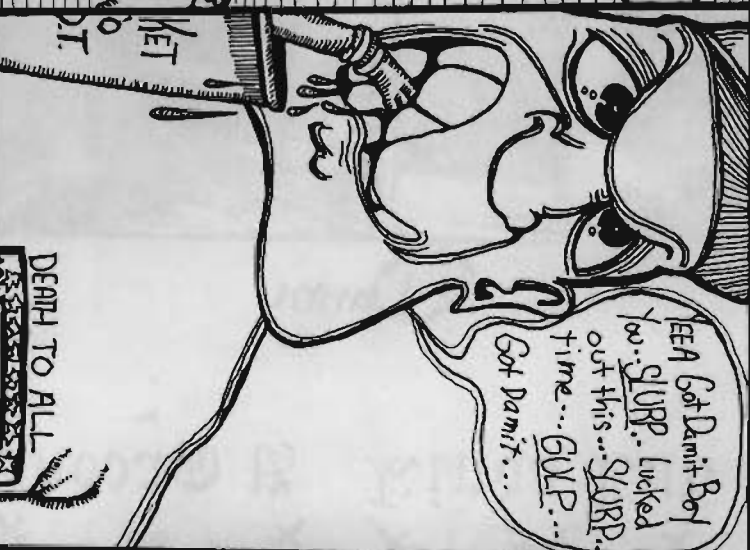
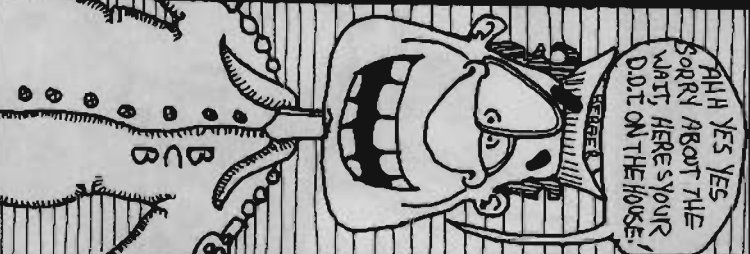
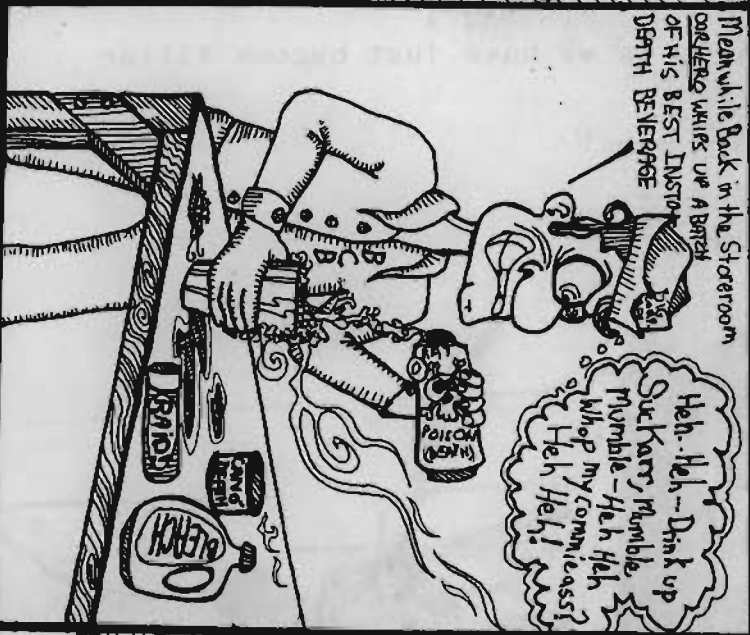
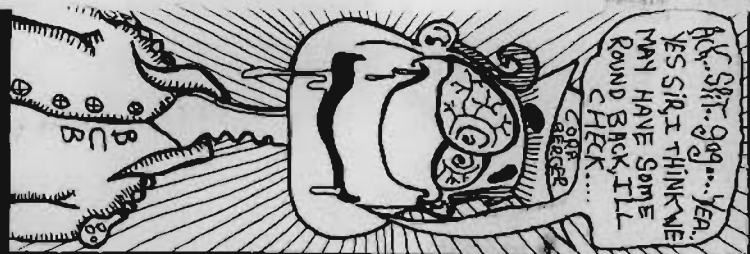
Meanwhile Back in the Store room COOKERBO WHIPS UP A BREW OF HIS BEST INSTANT DEATH BEVERAGE

Heh..Heh.. Drink up Suckkary Mumble..Heh Heh Whop my comnieass? Heh Heh!

AAA YES YES SORRY ABOUT THE WHIT, HERE'S YOUR D.D.T ON THE HOUSE!

YEA Got Damn it Boy You..SLURP.. Lucked out this..SLURP.. time..GULP.. Got Damnit...

OUR HERO



MIDNIGHT DRIVE

Shatter me
My life
Pressed against cold glass
and the wind
Crawls upon my lips, then
rests upon my lashes
And all I am able to view is the moon
its lucid fingertips
Peering, seeping into
my every thought
That this is but
all a dream
A beautiful, vivid dream

- Dawn B. Savoy

UNTITLED

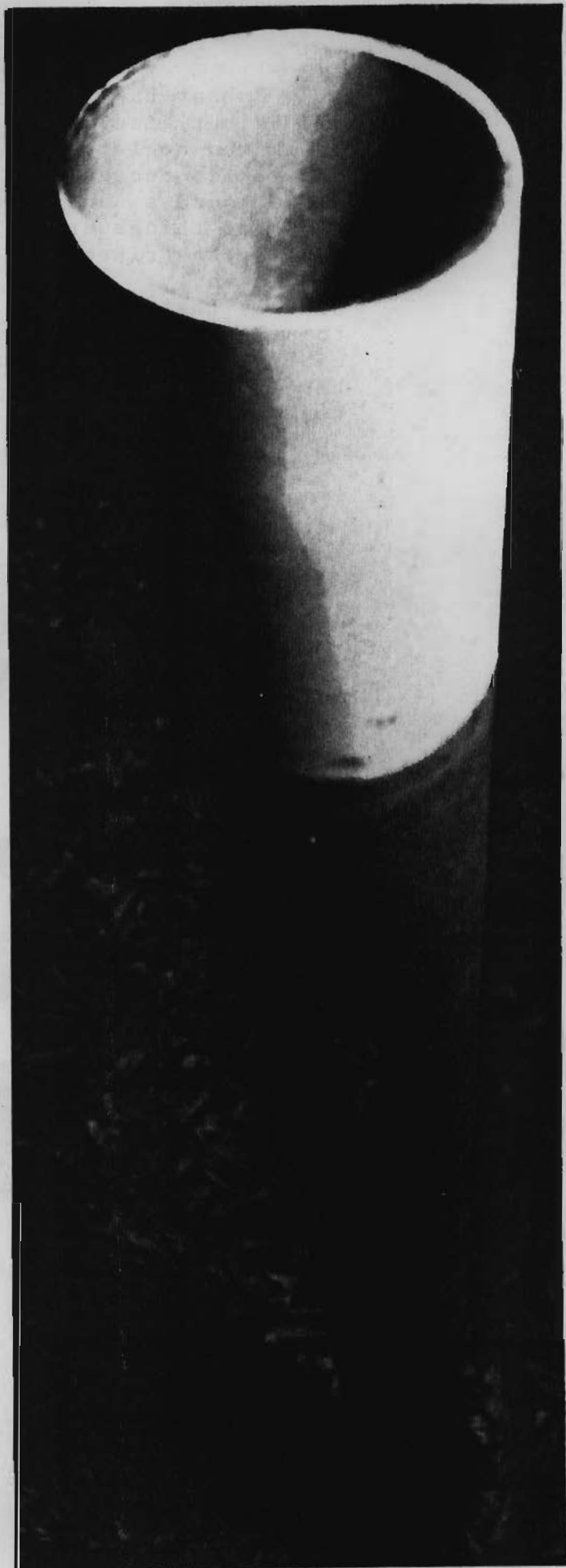
And we were waiting
and we forgot what for
And we were praying
and we forgot what for
And we were fighting
and we could not remember why
And we were weeping
and we could not remember why
And in the confusion
and in the strife
We were waiting, praying, fighting
and weeping
For we were living
and we forgot what for

- DBS

UNTITLED II

So I awake
two
in the morning
A shiver time when reality
strikes you
and dances upon you
In rythm of the grandfather
clock
downstairs
And withdraws
into a corner
to disguise itself
During day

- DBS

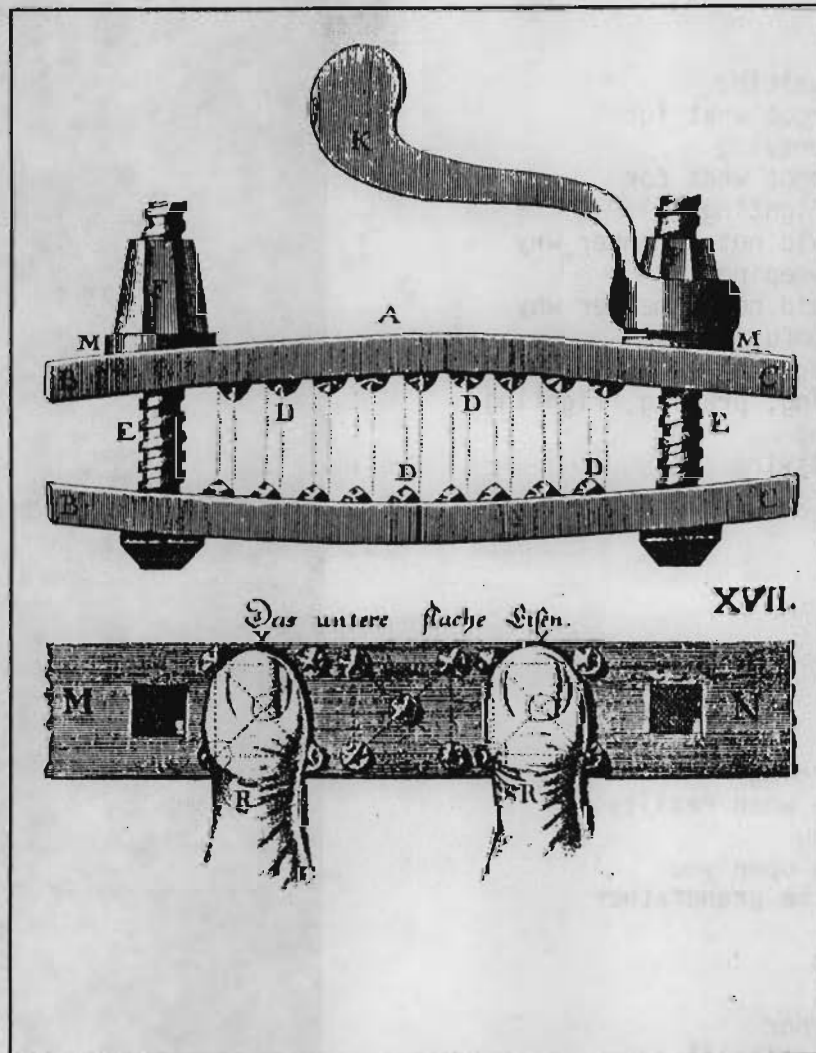


A SALUTE TO OUR MEN IN BLUE

Johnny had a tough life. When he was five, his father died. His mother was an emotional wreck who neglected Johnny. In grade school, the other kids teased him. In high school, Johnny never quite found a social cliché in which he belonged.

But things are different now, Johnny has grown up. He has risen above all those who have treated him so badly. Now is his chance to pay back the society that made his life hell. Now is his chance to unleash his hate for the world. Johnny is invincible. No longer is he a mere mortal, he is a super hero. He has the ego of ten men. On his chest he wears a tin star. Johnny is a law enforcement officer. Johnny is a cop.

Josh Chappell





Der Generalinspektor des Führers
für das Kraftfahrwesen

Berlin W 8, den
Wilhelmstr. 78
Briefanschrift: Berlin W 8, Schloßplatz 1

You don't have to leave America to find people who are willing to do your thinking for you. Right now, some Americans are making important decisions about what you should be allowed to read and see and hear. That means you don't have to think as much.

These Americans want to make rules about what television programs you may watch what books and magazines you may read, and what music you may hear. Rules just like the ones they had in Nazi Germany.

This could be going on in your town.
How much is your freedom worth to you?

3

vul I baird voores A

